

JUN 17 1963

## TO GET A LETTER.

FOIAb3b

... First talk to the guard at the door, if you work at the Central Intelligence agency in Washington.

Neither an advance telephone call, nor United States senate stationery, nor a senator's frank, nor the instructions "Personal for the Director" of the C.I.A. would suffice to get such a personal note for Director John A. McCone past the security police at the door.

The senator, needless to say, was a little disturbed. He is Frank Church, Idaho boy wonder and used to getting things done when he sends a senate page out on an errand. The page was in still worse condition when he got back to the senator's office three and a half hours later, having been utterly frustrated by "security" guards in attempting to do his duty.

The lesson is clear enough. The C.I.A. really has got all the secret information there is to be had about absolutely everything of any importance. Now it feels its assign-

ment has been changed from that of gathering intelligence to keeping its red-hot dope out of the hands of any suspicious persons, such as United States senators or their agents.

It's comforting to know that the C.I.A. is confident it finally has the last word on the state of the world and the intentions of our potential enemies, after all that embarrassing talk about the failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Cuban missile build-up crisis, and a couple of other matters.

Still, we hope that if a short, stout, bald fellow appears at the door one day, jabbering in broken English that he would like to give some important information to Mr. McCone, and begins rapping on the reception desk with a shoe if there is a delay—let him right through, get hold of the Russian interpreter, and write down everything he says, just for the heck of it. You never know about some of these cranks.

CPYRGHT